

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXXX. No. 2347

London
June 19, 1946



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Pearl Freeman

Lady Peterson: Wife of the New British Ambassador to Moscow

Lady Peterson has recently returned from Turkey where her husband was Ambassador in Ankara from 1944. She has three sons aged seventeen, sixteen and thirteen. Sir Maurice Peterson was Ambassador in Spain from 1930 to 1940 and has also served in Iraq, Bulgaria and Egypt. In 1941 he was appointed Controller of Overseas Publicity in the Ministry of Information. Lady Peterson, who was formerly Miss Eleanor O'Rorke, married Sir Maurice in 1927.

PORTRAITS IN PRINT

SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

Wintry Flies

ONE of the most useful pieces of advice for a mower, is to know what he is mowing. On Sunday afternoon, after clearing from around my minute lake (or large pond, whichever way you look at it) various shrubs and weeds, I turned upon a noxious tall bed of thistles. Alas! I didn't know that the rowdy unit who last abused this place had used the thistles for a dumping ground. In the middle of a sweep with my scythe I stumbled, the blade caught me just above the knee. An ideal self-inflicted wound for the eve of a battle—the best part of an inch deep, four stitches, and yet, as far as the doctor can tell, no shadow of injury to nerve or muscle. One night of pain, two days of boredom and stiffness in bed, and then up again, into a world as strange as it is humiliating. The world of wintry flies.

The slow progress of tardy flies across the window-panes of winter, while raindrops race by on the other side of the glass, has always exerted a peculiar fascination on me. When I lived in Budapest my road to the Chancery ran through slums, with turbaned heads over the slatternly doors dating from the Turkish occupation. As I hurried along, I would see palsied ancients creep from their foetid darkness, and feel a tremulous way, inch by inch, along the peeling primrose wall towards the patch of January sun at the corner. Returning two and a half hours later, I would find the old men almost at the corner, and the sun passed on a hundred yards down the street. Today I feel rather like the ancients. For even if I find a bit of level ground, where I can make some show of hurrying, I immediately have to slow up again.

To bring me in these circumstances to my typewriter has needed an egg shaken up with milk and rum. Mr. Gladstone used something of the sort almost whenever he rose to address the House for more than an hour and a half—and the occasions of his proving briefer than this were memorable. Mr. Gladstone

used sherry, however, where I can only afford to use rum. "But," said he, "I have more faith in the egg than in the sherry!"

Mr. Gladstone

WHAT an unfailing source of pleasure is every anecdote of that wonderful, portentous life. The moralizations, already at Eton, upon the dreadful destiny of a clergyman of the family's acquaintance, WHO HAD ATTENDED A FANCY-DRESS BALL; the young Gladstone's reluctance to travel



on a Sunday, even when the fate of his first election to Parliament, in 1833, hung in the balance: the humanity, the European breadth of vision that shines through the cant, through the complacency, through those vast, serpentine sentences, ensnared with clause and qualifying sub-clause, to catch his enemies and send them floundering, while the old theological Proteus, with not even a smile of triumph, wriggles free! What could be more typical of his age than the noble indignation and compassion with which the plight of the wretched political prisoners in the Neapolitan gaols, the tortured Bulgarians or Armenians, inspired him; and at the same time, his respectful opposition to the Queen's project for the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Poor? But, of course, the enormities of King Bomba or of the Turkish Sultan were highly coloured, foreign, easy to discern. The slow, discreet starvation of English factory workers on the other hand, the herding of them into hovels, seemed to the eyes of many most Christian Victorians as the process of a melancholy but predestined economic law with which it would not only be folly but even sin to tamper.

No. Let us not blame Mr. Gladstone for the errors of his age. Let us rather regret we have not got him with us now, to smell out tyrannies, and then annihilate them for us with those high-sounding platitudes that were so much more devastating than any original thought.

It is only when Mr. Gladstone comes in conflict with an integrity far greater than his own, such as General Gordon's, allied to Gordon's nimble simplicity of mind, that the idol rocks slightly on its sandstone, crocheted throne. But then, I hold that General Gordon, with all his exasperating foibles, was one of the greatest, most extraordinary men of his generation.

Almost Frivolous

I PREFER, however, not to dwell upon Mr. Gladstone's defeats, nor for that matter upon his triumphs, which are sometimes even more depressing; but rather upon the rare moments in his life when he did the unexpected—almost the frivolous. As, for instance, the occasion in 1884, when, as Prime Minister, he went on the inaugural cruise of a new liner, and enjoyed it so much, he had popped over to Copenhagen and was hob-nobbing with the Russian Emperor—to the infinite curiosity of all Europe—before his forbidding Sovereign had time to approve or even know of the jaunt. Or his light-hearted moments during his stay in the Ionian Islands as Lord High Commissioner in 1859, when he is supposed to have danced the local measures with the islanders. Or still better, that mysterious episode two years or so before, when a close friend whose lovely wife had run away with her lover to the Continent, induced the already great man to follow the erring creature and reason with her to return. As far as I know, she never came back. Small wonder!



Tanis: "Dr. Graham . . . I hope Winifred has been taking care of you?"

Dr. Graham: "Yes, thank you. How are you feeling, Mrs. Talbot?"

Dr. Graham (Hugh Williams), and Tanis Talbot (Diana Wynyard), pretend that they are only acquaintances in front of Tanis's stepdaughter, Winifred (Ann Leon)





The House of Savoy

THE abdication of King Umberto II, which may formally have taken place by the time these lines see the light, will bring to an end the sway of as old a dynasty as history has known. If one discounts the official genealogy of the Japanese Imperial House (which in any case accepts adoption as legal descent), what royal family can claim a tree so long and so authentic as that of the House of Savoy—from Umberto Biancamano who emerges as lordling of various petty fiefs in the Rhone valley, about the year A.D. 1000?

As some families owe their rise to the possession of strategic plots in the smart districts of London or New York, so the House of Savoy first grew inconvenient, then great, as the proprietors of the three most important Alpine passes—the Greater and the Lesser St. Bernard, and the Mont Cenis. A French or German prince during the Middle Ages who wanted comfortably to invade Italy was obliged to woo these grasping mountain royalty astride the Alps, whose demesne with time stretched from Turin up to Chambery, the present capital of Haute Savoie.

THE modern greatness of the Savoy family dates from Victor Amadeus II, Duke of Savoy-Piedmont (1675-1732), that peruked fox who changed his allegiance from England to France, and then back again in pursuance of his principle that his geographical position precluded loyalty: who laid a vague claim to the English throne because his wife was a daughter of our English Henrietta, "Minette": who became King of Sardinia (1718) and was finally flung into prison by his son, Charles Emmanuel III, in 1730. From his day forward the dynasty seems to have been inspired by the principle of eating up Italy "leaf by leaf like an artichoke."

The talents of this family, its duplicities, its intermittent phases of martial courage, even its periodic indecisions, above all its close association with the nationalist movement of the country which it would one day turn into a kingdom, and its half-foreign origin, remind one of the Hohenzollerns. But for my part, I feel for the outgoing Italian monarch no such distaste as the successors of Frederick the Great must inspire in any modern Englishman. Nor can I recall with anything but affection the memory of his cousin, Amadeus, Duke of Aosta, commander of the Italian forces against us in East Africa during the late war, and who died in our captivity during the course of it, still in his middle forties. Few things are more embarrassing than the usual toadying tribute to royal charm, but I can only say that "Puglie," as he was called when I knew him well in my extreme youth, was as stimulating a companion for a sight-seeing tour as one could find. Peace to his tough, charming, intelligent shade. To him I owe my first view of Cefalu's Norman beauty, and the baroque fantasies of Palermo. . . . I suppose the dynasty will soon be remembered only by the hotel, on the site of the palace built for the Prince of Savoy whom Henry III created Duke of Richmond.

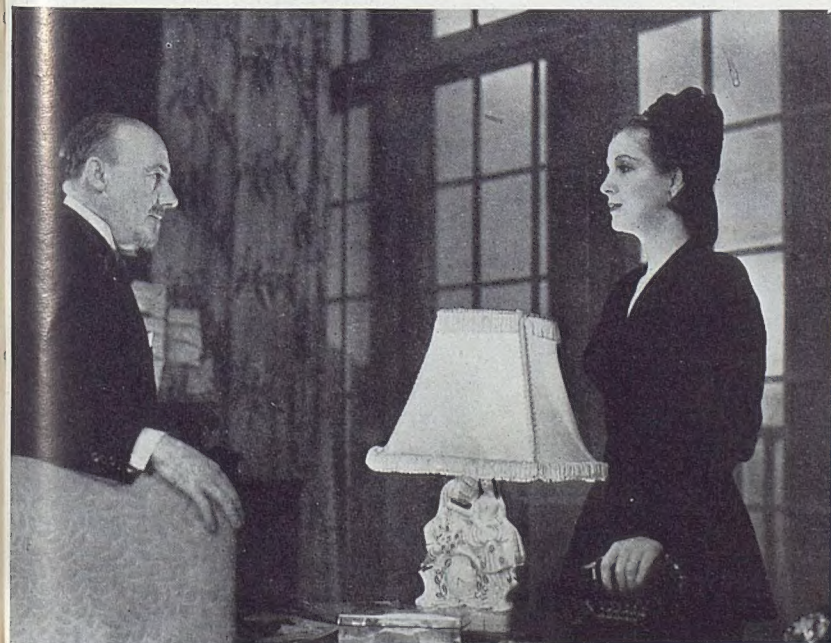


"Portrait In Black"

at the Piccadilly Theatre

Tanis: "Don't talk about it for a moment, Philip. Hold me close. Tell me you still love me. Tell me nothing has changed."

The lovers, who have committed two murders so that nothing shall stand in their way, are faced with a final crisis from which there is no return



Marlowe: "You were a frustrated woman at twenty-five." Rupert Marlowe (Ronald Squire), a former lover of Tanis, quarrels violently with her when he finds out that she was responsible for his attempted murder



Photographs by Angus McBean

Winifred is in love with Blake Titchie (Patrick Barr), who is the leader of the dock strike. He is looked on with great disfavour by Tanis, who hates Winifred



Hermione Gingold, who is Henry Kendall's brilliant partner in "Sweetest and Lowest," dancing with Major Scott



JAMES AGATE AT THE PICTURES

Several Kinds of Nonsense

Now, reader, take a long breath. Would you, being a man of business and fortyish, on being told by a detective that your wife had murdered three former husbands for their insurance money, and having yourself, at your wife's instigation, taken out an increased insurance policy, and, moreover, contracted the habit of receiving at her hands a white powder alleged to be bicarbonate of soda, but bringing on bouts of vomiting with all the symptoms attendant upon arsenic poisoning—would you, I ask, in these circumstances, tell the detective that he was no gentleman and order him out of the house? Would you, being the aforesaid noodle, have your suspicions aroused when the haddock which your wife was going to boil for your lunch with her own fair hands was devoured by the cat which, under your very nose, turned over on its back and died of acute poisoning? I think you might. But I don't think you would passionately embrace her, tell her that she had the ill-luck to be one of Nature's poisonous flowers, and suggest that she should forestall the arrival of the heavy-booted gentry by helping herself to the arsenic. That is what happens in *Bedelia* (Plaza), and it is all very, very silly.

It is the old question of turning your barely possible novel into your extremely improbable film. Both of Miss Caspary's tales, *Laura* and *Bedelia*, had a certain degree of persuasiveness in book-form. Reduction to the screen has meant in both cases that all those passages of quasi-rational mortar with which the authoress interlarded her non-rational bricks have had to be omitted. The function of mortar, an architectural chap (acknowledgements to D. B. Wyndham-Lewis for the turn of phrase) once told me, is two-fold—to hold bricks together, and to keep them apart. In the present case the absence of mortar has failed equally to

hold the bricks together, or to keep them apart from anything except nonsense.

How is *Bedelia* played? At a guess I should say very well indeed by Ian Hunter as the noodle, and reasonably well by Barry K. Barnes as the detective; this actor has at last shed some of that over-plus of gentility which has so often made his voice sound like cold cream. As for *Bedelia* herself, Margaret Lockwood may look like the poisonous flower, but to me never begins to suggest the serpent under it. This is yet another of those pictures which seem to call for rather more dramatic power than Lockwood is capable of.

Tailpiece to the foregoing: A Bournemouth friend of mine whose passion is Siamese cats tells me that his Bluebell, on the eve of certain happy events, put a paw on each of his knees and with her eyes made piteous appeal. "I knew what she was saying. She was imploring me not to call two of her kittens Laura and *Bedelia*."

THERE is dull nonsense and there is exciting nonsense. If *Bedelia* falls into the first category then I shall undoubtedly place *The Strange Love of Martha Ivers* (Carlton) in the second. This is a picture which has gone wrong because the makers of it haven't been able to decide exactly what picture they were making. Martha Ivers (Janis Wilson afterwards Barbara Stanwyck) is the niece of a dragon-some aunt. The child makes frequent escapes, generally in the company of young Sam Masterson (Darryl Hickman afterwards Van Heflin), but is always brought back to the auntuncular, if I may coin a word, mansion. Now Auntie has a loathing for cats, and one day Martha finds the old lady beating her, Martha's, pet pussy. So she snatches up some handy blunt instrument and bashes Auntie's head in, whereby Auntie dies.

Henry Kendall Gives



Michael Wilding, who is starring in the new film "Carnival," Elsie Randolph and Stewart Granger



Mr. C. S. Taylor, M.P. for Eastbourne, Prince Philip of Greece, and Sir Alan Herbert, who has written the libretto for the new Cochran show "Big Ben"

Now there are living in the house one Mr. O'Neil (Roman Bohnen), a time-serving steward, and his little boy Walter (Mickey Kuhn afterwards Kirk Douglas), the latter of whom was present at the murder. So the steward concocts a story. The two children are to say that they were standing on the stairs when they saw a tramp come in through the open door, do the deed and vanish. Master Sam, who was more or less on the scene at the time? Well, he's a straight kid, and won't say anything either way. And now it turns out that Auntie has left all her money to Martha. Wherefore, O'Neil *père* insists upon her marrying O'Neil *fils*. But why, since she loathes him? Because he terrifies her. Because in the meantime a man has been tried for the crime and been hanged, both Martha and Walter identifying him as the tramp they had previously sworn to. Years pass and we learn that Martha has become a great business magnate and owns half the factories in the town, while she has pushed her husband, who incidentally drinks, into the post of District Attorney with an eye on ultimate Washington.

At this point the reader sits back and says, "What's the matter with that? Surely here's a theme—a strong woman and a weak man bound together by crime and loathing each other—which Ibsen would have delighted to use. And haven't we arrived at the exact point where the Old Man would have raised his curtain, trusting to tell the antecedent happenings in verbal flashbacks?" I agree. The trouble starts when Sam Masterson turns up again. Sam has a poor record. He has acquired money, though nobody knows how. He has made fortunes and gambled them away. He has been accused of murder, but successfully pleaded self-defence. At the moment he is engaged in reclaiming, or anyhow finding a bedroom for, Toni Marachek (Lizabeth Scott), a Lauren Bacall-ish young woman with an eye for a fur coat and a deft hand at stealing one. She is now out of gaol on probation. When Sam and Martha meet deep calls unto deep. Or so we innocent spectators think. But Walter, in his capacity as District Attorney, knows better and suspects blackmail. What else can be Sam's motive for coming into their lives again? Whereupon, what might have been a good psychological drama of hate between husband and wife is turned into a violent and excessively complicated screen-drama. District Attorney sets his cops to beat

up the blackmailer; blackmailer isn't going to blackmail because he never saw Martha strike Auntie, having departed a few seconds before. And in any case he is much too busy deciding which of the two women he is most on fire about. Wife wants blackmailer to murder husband. And the fur-coat fancier? She is just around and about chucking a spanner into the works whenever she thinks she can get something out of it, maybe love. Whereby a film which has begun very excitingly peters out into a lot of dreary nonsense at the end of which husband and wife commit suicide, and blackmailer and thief set out for the future in the highest-powered car Hollywood can lay its hands on.

The best acting, in my humble opinion, comes from Kirk Douglas who, as the husband, really has a part to play and plays it. Next the two children, Janis Wilson and Darryl Hickman, who play the young Martha and the young Sam. Van Heflin is just the usual good-looking American, and we're going to see lots and lots of Lizabeth Scott, until Hollywood uncovers somebody with a more glamorous glottis. But I warn this young woman that if, in her next part, she uses the word "maybe" more than a hundred and fifty times I shall rise in my seat and bellow. Barbara Stanwyck? Well, you know what Barbara's like. Endless nose, endless breakfast, lunch, tea and dinner gowns, with a lot of *négligés* thrown in, and chunks of pretence about being the vortex to some tragic whirlpool.

It is astonishing how often Old Man Ibsen crops up. *Beware of Pity* (Leicester Square) bristles with the whiskers of that more than fretful Norwegian porcupine. Beware, Ibsen was always saying, of idealism, of doing the right thing at the wrong moment. *The Wild Duck* showed the harm that is done by blurting out the truth to people who are not ready for it, and I can see Ibsen fashioning a grim sermon on the misuse of pity. Title? *The Wild Goose*, of course.

Judging by the story of this film, Stefan Zweig is a sentimentalist of the first order. (Except that a novelist should never be judged by any film-version of his work.) His thesis is that there are two kinds of pity, the easy sort which makes its bestower feel good, and the more difficult sort which demands that he who pities should make sacrifices on behalf of the object of his pity. And I think of an old Lancashire rhyme:

Sympathy without relief

Is like mustard without beef.

The name that Zweig gives to the nobler kind of pity is compassion. So far so good.

But from that to the moral of this picture is a far cry. A young Czechoslovakian officer meets a crippled girl to whom he shows the ordinary courtesies; she, of course, mistakes these for something more. She falls desperately in love with him, he weakly consents to some sort of engagement and then goes back on his promise. Whereupon she commits suicide. All this happens before the first World War, and the beginning and end of the picture show the officer proffering advice to a subaltern who has got himself into a similar difficulty at the end of the second World War. He tells the young man his own experience, how he had failed to "give," by which he means sacrifice himself, and how it is the duty of the subaltern to succeed where he failed.

I can just imagine the fun Ibsen would have had with all this. Let us suppose that this marriage with love on one side only takes place. How long is it going to be before the wife realizes that one of two things must happen. Either the husband is going to put up some show of affection for five nights in the week, on condition that he is allowed the other two off, or he will be wholly faithful until the sight of crutches drives him first into a nervous breakdown and then into an asylum. And I think Ibsen would have pointed out that the fault is not in the virtue of compassion, but in forcing that virtue upon the wrong kind of man. There is a certain kind of poor fish who enjoys being miserable. But to insist that a man who is fond of mountaineering should marry a girl he isn't attracted to just because she can't walk, seems nonsense to me.

However, this isn't the first time that nonsense has made an extremely interesting film, and it won't be the last. Beautifully acted by Lilli Palmer, Cedric Hardwicke, Ernest Thesiger, and Gladys Cooper, with a grand performance by Albert Lieven. (Well, perhaps not grand, but better than your British, glove-counterish leading man. Or leading gentleman, which is worse.) The direction by Maurice Elvey is superb, and I mean it. Blake made a great deal of fuss about seeing a World in a Grain of Sand. Mr. Elvey, with almost no fuss at all, has managed to see the mansions and barracks of Czechoslovakia in Islington, and her scarps and precipices in Cheddar Gorge.

a Birthday Party



Mrs. Charles Gordon and Mrs. Edward Hulton, who were among the guests



Mr. James Agate the dramatic critic, whose film criticisms appear on these pages, drinks a toast to his host

Photographs by Swaabe

Sketches by
Tom Titt

Lady Rivers (Irene Vanbrugh) the scheming mother who successfully marries her daughter to Edward, Duke of York, afterwards Edward IV (Robert Eddison), the weak but charming monarch, who is completely under the spell of his ambitious queen, Elizabeth, the former Lady Grey (Kay Hammond)



The Theatre

"The Kingmaker" (St. James's)

THIS is historical drama—period the Wars of the Roses, hero the Earl of Warwick; but it would be altogether beside the point to fetch out the history books and summon to their Nuremberg the kings and barons Miss Margaret Luce has painted in plain black and white. Very likely they were all rascals. That cannot be helped. If history will go haywire and neglect to supply a period with a hero, well then its stage chronicler must invent one. Warwick, the Kingmaker, was almost certainly not the father of English Tory democracy. It suits Miss Luce's play for her to pretend that he was. Edward IV, so far from being the weak, vain, dissolute king she chooses to present, is, I believe, generally credited with having been, even as Duke of York, subtle, unscrupulous and strong, the most adroit of twisters, out-twisting his fellow-twisters and achieving popularity. But if the Kingmaker is to cut a figure in our romantic imagination, the kings he makes must not be wiser than he. The shade of Edward IV (a nasty, sneering shade, no doubt) must bow to romantic necessity. He is accordingly weak, vain and dissolute.

IT matters not a jot how rough-shod Miss Luce rides over the susceptibilities of historians. If these gentlemen come to modern chronicle plays, they must leave their tenderest susceptibilities at home, for they will soon perceive that the majority of theatre-goers like their history served up in terms of our own life and lingo. Shakespeare? Yes, sometimes, but no lesser poet will do, and there must be no tiresomely rough archaism. The present smooth essay in medievalism is a pretty trumpet call shrewdly calculated to rally the scattered hosts that gave *Richard of Bordeaux* its vogue. And, certainly, it is as gorgeous to look at. Miss Kay Hammond's enormous wimples of themselves constitute an eyeful, and the rest of the costumes are rich enough and glittering enough wholly to banish any vulgar suggestion that Miss Hammond is slightly over-dressed. In other respects—as a study of growing character, as a play of situation—the piece falls, I think, a length behind Gordon Daviot's winner.

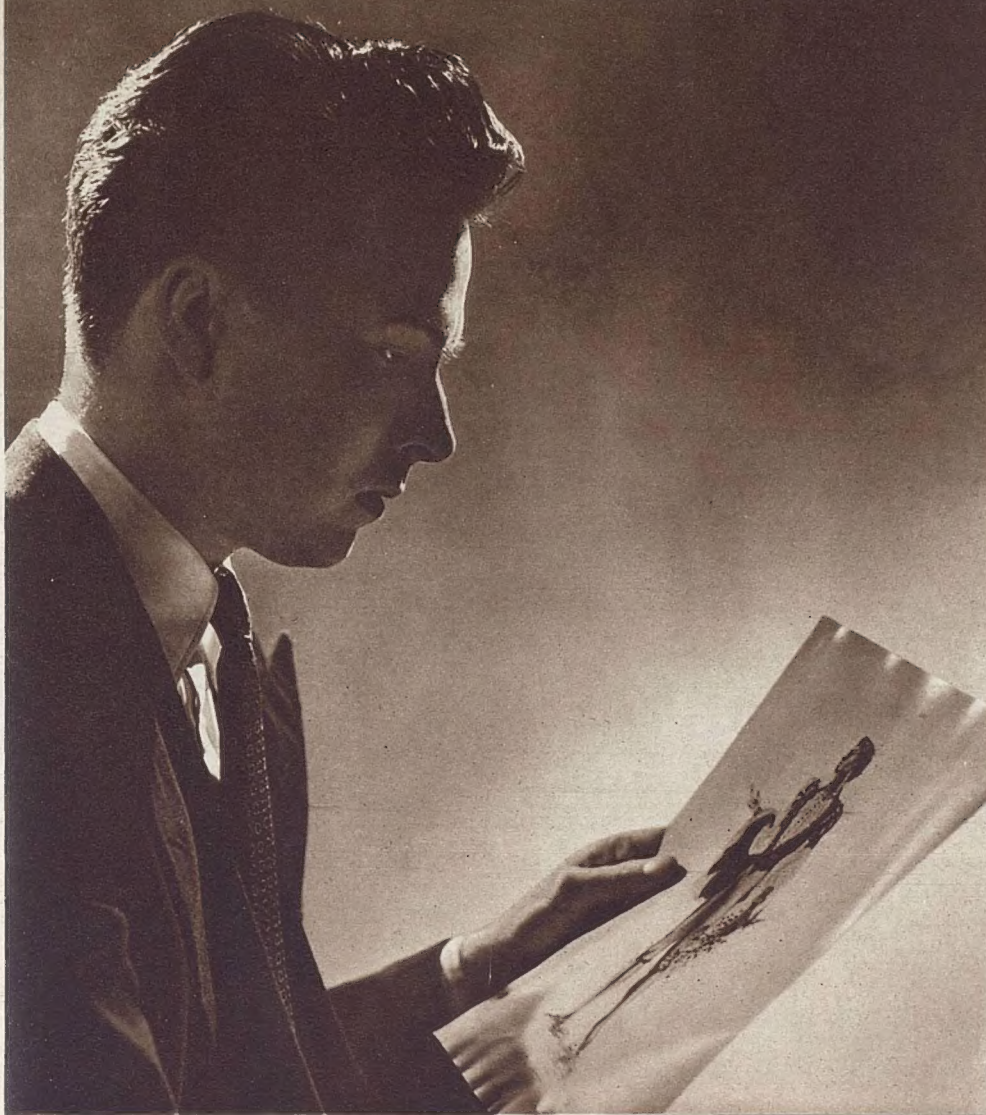
ITS chief weakness is that the liveliest figure of the drama—Mr. Robert Eddison's wilful and tipsy Edward IV—is not at the centre of the stage. That position is held by the conscientious Kingmaker. All Mr. John Clements can do with him is to keep him dignified and impressively sonorous; and all we can do in response is to accord the hero the respect due to an honest man who is consistently in the right and consistently out of luck. A romantic hero should inspire something warmer than respect. It is for the sake of the people that this worthy statesman makes Edward king; it is for their sake also that he negotiates for the young monarch a polite French marriage; and when his irresponsible protégé faces him at the Council Table with the accomplished fact of his marriage to the widow of a slain Lancastrian (an admirable scene, up to a point), Warwick has no dramatic card up his sleeve. He is just an honest man, his wisdom confounded by another's wilful folly. We next see him in rebellion, with the puppet king his prisoner. This is another admirable scene, but its merits spring from the king's calm effrontery, not from the magnanimity of Warwick in releasing his prisoner. So it goes on, Warwick changing the white rose for the red in the discontented pursuit of a presumably wise policy, and at last falling at Barnet, a pathetic victim of misplaced trust, but always without the dramatic cards that would earn him the centre of the stage.

THE king seems the more notable figure, but that is largely because his petulance, his vanity, his tipsiness, his wilfulness and his ruthlessness are failings with which Mr. Eddison makes fine romantic play, but the character of the twister is not really knit into the fabric of the story, and his ultimate triumph would seem to come about rather by chance than design. It is not easy to follow the workings of his crooked inner mind. Miss Hammond has little to do as Elizabeth Grey and does that little exquisitely, and there is Dame Irene Vanbrugh to play the calculating Lady Rivers with smiling charm and, suddenly dropping the mask, to spit fire at the patient Warwick with startling effect.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



The Kingmaker, Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick (John Clements), who strives for a peaceful England only to see his hopes shattered by the king's undiplomatic marriage



Baron

James Bailey and Some of His Sketches for the Ballet "Giselle"

JAMES BAILEY, who is twenty-four, has done the decor and costumes for the new production of *Giselle* at Covent Garden.

Shortly before the war began, he won a scholarship in stage design at the Slade and studied there under Vladimir Polunin. He went into the Army but was invalided out and spent the last two years of the war as a cook in an Army convalescent home.

His career began when Terence Rattigan invited him to dinner to meet Frederick Ashton. James Bailey brought his sketches with him and Ashton at once recognised their outstanding

merit, and so did Ninette de Valois when she saw them a few days later.

He says about *Giselle* and his designs:

"It is a ballet after my own heart. The strangeness and terror which form a background to the charming Victorian story are fascinating, and it is that strangeness and sense of another world that I have endeavoured to emphasise in the second act."

James Bailey is the son of Lt.-Col. Frederick George Glyn Bailey, of Lake House, Salisbury, and his mother is the second daughter of the first Lord Inchcape.





Among a group of spectators who took cover under the trees while watching cricket on Agar's Plough were Edward and June Troubridge, children of Sir Thomas and Lady Troubridge; Miss Jennifer Birkbeck, Miss Caroline and Miss Diana Birkbeck, Lady Troubridge, Henry Elwes, Admiral Sir Thomas Troubridge, Mrs. Ogilvie Graham, Mr. R. Graham, Miss Nancy Elwes and Mr. Robert Elwes

ETON: THE FOURTH OF JUNE

THE FOURTH OF JUNE at Eton was unfortunately greatly spoilt by rain. This year a full programme was planned as in pre-war days, finishing with a fireworks display, but the day had to end without the last item on the programme, which was abandoned owing to the weather. After chapel, there were the speeches (not yet in Upper School, but still in their wartime home at the Music Schools). They were great fun and most enjoyable, varying in style from Macaulay's Essay on Barère, which N. Thompson, who is in Mr. Wykes' house, did very well, to the modern American

classic, "Life With Father," of which F. Haskell, a Colleger, gave a fine rendering.

CRICKET was possible before lunch on Agar's Plough, when the Ramblers, who won the toss, went in to bat and had made 189 runs for four wickets when, with "Gubby" Allen, a former England captain, about to start his innings, rain stopped play. Picnic lunches, which had been arranged by so many, had to be taken under cover, in some cases in a boy's rooms, if not too big a party. One party had chosen a covered fives court, and another the

wagon shed near Agar's Plough! After lunch the drawing schools enjoyed a popularity they have never before known. Visitors streamed in to see the splendid exhibition of drawings done by the boys during the past few months.

EARLY in the evening there was the procession of boats, always a picturesque sight. This was watched by Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, who were accompanied by the Provost, Sir Henry Marten. The crews of the Victory and the Monarch were resplendent in their traditional clothes.



Blair Stewart-Wilson, Viscount Stormont and his sister, Lady Malvina Murray, with their parents, the Earl and Countess of Mansfield, and Jocelyn Stevens



The Hon. Mrs. Beaumont-Nesbitt and Lady Amy Coats with a party of young people who included Miss Ann Austin, Miss June Beaumont-Nesbitt, Brian Beaumont-Nesbitt and James Coats



Col. and Mrs. Andrew Ferguson and their son Ronald with Mrs. D. Wedderburn and her children, David and Hermione Falkner, and Lady Herbert Scott, mother of Mrs. Ferguson and Mrs. Wedderburn



Miss Ann and Miss Mary Brocklebank, Charles Brocklebank and Mrs. Springfield



The Countess of Hardwicke and Mrs. Tony Belleville with her two daughters and her son Jeremy



Fiona Campbell-Gray and her brother, the Master of Gray. Their grandmother is Baroness Gray



Mme. Massigli, wife of the French Ambassador, and Lord Bruntisfield



Lord Montagu of Beaulieu with his mother, the Hon. Mrs. Edward Pleydell-Bouverie, and his sisters, the Hon. Caroline and the Hon. Mary Clare Douglas-Scott-Montagu, and the Hon. Mrs. H. J. Moore-Gwyn, who was married this year

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

AFTER the excitements and fatigues of Victory Day, the King and Queen spent the next two days quietly at Royal Lodge, resting with the two Princesses after a very crowded week. Everyone who saw the Royal party on the flower-filled saluting-base at Marlborough Gate remarked on three things: the tireless courtesy with which the King acknowledged individually the salutes of each contingent of the long procession of victory-makers; the radiant charm of the Queen in a new summer dress, coat and hat in an enchanting shade of Parma violet, which set off her flawless complexion most becomingly; and the gay spirits and attractive appearance of Princess Elizabeth, looking very grown-up indeed in her pleated skirt and short coat of Eton blue.

Queen Mary, in the palest of smoke-blue, the Princess Royal, in the khaki of an A.T.S. Controller, the Duchess of Kent, in W.R.N.S. uniform, with her daughter, Princess Alexandra, looking very sweet in white, the upright figure of the Earl of Athlone, Princess Juliana of the Netherlands, in a smartly-cut coat and skirt of pale grey with a white pin-stripe, her husband, Prince Bernhard, in khaki, Lady Louis Mountbatten, in trim St. John uniform, the boy-King Feisal of Iraq, with his uncle, the Regent, were some of the chief figures on the dais with the King and Queen. Mr. Attlee, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Mackenzie King and Field-Marshal Smuts sat on the left of the Royal party, with the Chiefs of Staff, good-looking Lord Louis Mountbatten, just back from his headquarters in South-East Asia, prominent among them, on the right.

Absent, much to his own annoyance, from the Royal party was the young Duke of Kent, who, having been exposed to a mumps "contact" at school, had perforce to spend Victory Day in quarantine at Iver.

Back at Buckingham Palace, the King and Queen entertained the biggest lunch-party the Palace has seen since the Coronation, at which all the members of the Royal Family in this country were their guests. By a happy thought of the King, all members of the Household-in-

Waiting joined them for lunch, so that nearly sixty sat down at table.

In the evening it was from the vantage point of the Lord Chancellor's flat, overlooking the Terrace of the Lords, that the King and Queen watched the splendours of the firework and water display, and Lord Jowitt had invited a number of distinguished guests to his apartments to meet them, including the Prime Minister and Mr. Churchill. Queen Mary, the Princess Royal and the Duchess of Kent, who had made their way to Westminster more prosaically by car, were also there, with other Royal guests.

FITZROY SEYMOUR—SCOTT-ELLIS WEDDING

THE eighty-six-year-old Lord Byron, with the help of the newly-appointed Dean of Westminster, Canon Don, officiated at the wedding of his nephew, Mr. George FitzRoy Seymour, to the Hon. Rosemary Scott-Ellis at St. Margaret's, Westminster (a picture of which we published last week). The bride, who is the youngest of Lord and Lady Howard de Walden's five daughters, looked pretty in a dress of oyster satin with full puff sleeves; her train was of old Brussels lace, and her lace veil was held in place by a wreath of gardenias. There were eight little child attendants dressed in white with touches of scarlet, and two grown-up bridesmaids with the same colour-scheme.

Lord and Lady Howard de Walden (who wore a yellow and black printed dress with a black hat) held a reception after the ceremony when, with the bridegroom's parents, Mr. Richard and Lady Victoria Seymour, they received the guests, who included King George of the Hellenes, one of the few men present in khaki, and the Duke of Grafton, the bridegroom's uncle, with the Duchess, who looked charming in navy blue. The tall, fair Earl of Euston, who has just

returned from India, where he has been A.D.C. to the Viceroy, Lord Wavell, was also there with his only sister, Lady Anne FitzRoy, and his two schoolboy brothers, Lord Edward and Lord Michael FitzRoy.

The youngest guest at the reception was the bride's niece, Belinda Heathcoat-Amory, who came with her nurse. She is the five-week-old daughter of Mr. Richard and the Hon. Mrs. Heathcoat-Amory, whose elder daughter, Evelyn, and their only son, Mark, were two of the attendants at the wedding and afterwards were enjoying cakes and ice-creams with their cousins, Julia and Stephen Lindsay, and Jessica Scott-Ellis. The Hon. John Scott-Ellis, the bride's only brother, proposed the health of the bridegroom after the cutting of the iced wedding-cake.

EPSOM AGAIN

THE return of the Derby to Epsom after six years was the occasion for thousands to gather once again on the famous Downs. There were all the old familiar features—the gypsies, who pestered you (in some car-parks before you had time to get out of your car) with lucky omens, the tipsters, who were willing to give you six winners each day, and the clown playing his banjo as you went on that long and either dusty or muddy trek to the paddock. On the other side of the course there was the usual row of buses, on which many people had made up large parties to come down for the day, self-supporting with their lunch and tea. Alongside these were the horse-drawn coaches, which had driven down from London and arrived on the course with a gay tune blown on the horn by their guards. One of these was driven by Mr. Geoffrey Hollebhone, a fine amateur whip, and another by Major Deed, who in pre-war days was known as a good player on the polo ground, as well as a good whip among the long-rein boys.

H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth Attends a Ball in Aid of



Mrs. H. C. Chads, W/Cdr. McDonald, Mrs. Joan Mellor, Lady Rendlesham, wife of Lord Rendlesham, and S/Ldr. W. Drake



Miss Zelda Loyd and Mr. A. H. Gray

Derby Day suffered from the very unseasonable weather with which June started, although the day cleared up just in time for the big race, when the King, accompanied by Princess Elizabeth and the Princess Royal with her younger son, the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, and the Earl of Athlone, came into the paddock to see the horses. The Earl of Rosebery, the Duke of Norfolk and Sir Humphrey de Trafford, the Stewards of the meeting, escorted the Royal party, who talked to several of the owners in the parade-ring. Mr. J. Ferguson's Airborne won a grand race from Lord Derby's Gulf Stream, with Mr. Tom Lilley's Radiotherapy third. Both Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson were there to see their horse win, Mrs. Ferguson wearing a mink coat over her grey dress. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Lilley I also saw there. Mrs. Lilley had just won the previous race with her nice filly Gold Paint. Although Lord Derby was not present to see Gulf Stream, the family was well represented by his granddaughter, Miss Priscilla Bullock, whose horse Neapolitan also ran in the race, and two more of his grandchildren, Lord Stanley and Lady Irwin, who, when I saw her, was with the Duchess of Norfolk, both had had to tie silk scarves round their hats to keep them on in the wind and rain.

Others I saw on Derby Day were Lady Zia Wernher, delighted at Airborne's success, as the winner is by her good horse Precipitation; Capt. and Mrs. Ian Henderson, pleased with the success of Golden Sorrel, Mrs. Henderson's useful three-year-old, in the first race. Princess Aly Khan, in blue, came into the paddock with her husband to see his father's horse Khaled before the Derby. Viscountess Lambton was meeting friends in the paddock, where she came to see her father-in-law's fancied White Jacket parade. Others I noticed were Lord Carnarvon, having a quiet chat on form with Mr. Clive Graham; the Duchess of Marlborough, in black, with her second daughter, Lady Caroline Spencer-Churchill; the Marquess and Marchioness of Hartington, with Mr. and Mrs. Michael Astor, hurrying to the other end of the paddock, where they had spotted a space on the rails, and Lord Portarlington, not competing with the crowd round the parade ring, but sitting on a seat chatting to Mrs. Robin Wilson.

LADIES' DAY

IN contrast to the other three days, Friday, when the Oaks was run, was a glorious day. Once again Their Majesties, who were accompanied by Princess Elizabeth, Queen Mary, the Duchess of Kent, the Princess Royal and the Earl

of Athlone, drove up the course to the Royal Box, and some of the party came out into the paddock to see the King's two fillies, Hypericum and Golden Coach, before the race for the Oaks, in which they unfortunately both ran unplaced. The Queen looked radiant in a grey coat and dress with a hat trimmed with layers of pink tulle, while Princess Elizabeth looked sweet in a fawn coat which buttoned right down to the hem, and a hat to match. The Duchess of Kent wore navy blue with touches of white. The Princess Royal had chosen a lighter shade of blue. His Majesty had a short talk with both his jockeys before the Royal party proceeded back to the stands. Everyone was sorry not to see "hats off" for a Royal win a few minutes later.

BRIGHTER CLOTHES

THE clothes on Friday were much brighter, too. The Duchess of Roxburghe looked charming in a navy-blue outfit with a pale pink hat, and wearing a wonderful pearl and diamond brooch and three rows of very fine pearls, when I saw her chatting to Miss Bapsy Pavry, who wore a magnificent emerald-green sari. Another lovely sari, this time in pale pink, was worn by the beautiful Maharanee of Baroda, who was in the paddock before the second race to see H.H. Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda's Akkaraje, which ultimately won the race.

Others at the meeting were Lady Renwick, Mrs. Parker Bowles, on the last day wearing a pretty navy-blue and white dress, Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, in a lovely shade of mushroom pink, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, escorting a Belgian officer in the paddock, Lady Erleigh with her sister, Mrs. Britten Jones, Mrs. Philip Hill, who said she was flying to Brussels for a short visit a few days later, was chatting to the Earl of Fitzwilliam. Mrs. Kingscote was walking to one of the boxes with Major and Mrs. Charles Tremayne; Lord Nunburnholme and Lady Stanley of Alderley were trying to make their way through the very crowded grand-stand, as was Lady Isabel Milles, escorted by Mr. Charles Sweeny. Lord and Lady Grimthorpe, Commander and Mrs. Scott Miller, Mr. Hector and Lady Jean Christie, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wigham, the Earl of Harrington, Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Lubbock, Sir d'Avigdor and Lady Goldsmid, Mrs. Geoffrey Pease with her attractive W.R.N.S. daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Wellesley, the Hon. Mrs. Rupert Hardy, and Mrs. Washington Singer, who had many members of her family in her first-tier box, were others I saw during the meeting.



Princess Elizabeth dancing with Capt. Joshua Rayley, Grenadier Guards. H.R.H. was a member of the Countess of Gowrie's party

the N.S.P.C.C. at the Old House Hotel, Windsor



Miss R. G. Leese dancing with Capt. Philip Briant



Major and Mrs. J. G. Thynne and Major and Mrs. P. T. V. Leith. The Old House Hotel, where the ball took place, was built by Sir Christopher Wren

The East Essex Hunt Ball

At the Shire Hall, Chelmsford, Where at Midnight the Ceremony of Cutting the Hunt Cake was Performed by the Master and the Huntsman

Photographs by Swaebe



Mr. Richard Magor, chairman of the ball, and Mrs. J. Barton



Mr. R. Gosling, Mrs. Ormond and Mrs. R. Gosling, who were all members of the ball committee



Mrs. Michael Tritton and Major J. G. Round, Master of the Hunt



Capt. and Mrs. Alan Moreton. There were over 300 guests at the ball



(In front) Miss Sebag-Montefiore and Mr. Robin Elwes. (Behind) Miss Susan Harter, daughter of Gen. Harter, Mr. Miller, Miss Gillian Wharton, Miss Alethea Richardson and Major Papillon



Miss Susan Harter and Major Robert Hornsby-Wright



Mrs. A. Courtauld dancing with Mr. Gerald Strutt



Miss Moira Charlton and Mr. Mark Strutt were among the dancers



The Guests Bid Good-bye to the Departing Couple After the Reception

Lord Kenyon Married at Grosvenor Chapel



Lord Kenyon, who is the fifth Baron and who succeeded to the title in 1927, and Lady Kenyon, leaving after the reception; she was formerly Mrs. Hugo Peel, widow of Mr. Hugo Peel, Welsh Guards



Miss Camilla Paterson, Lt. P. A. Cox, R.M., Phyllis Lady Delamere and her elder daughter, the Hon. Elizabeth Cholmondeley, and Mr. Ivor Faulkner



*Photographs by Swaebe
The parents of the bride, Cdr. and Mrs. J. W. Cookson, with the bridegroom's mother, Gwladys Lady Kenyon, and Col. C. Howard*

PRISCILLA in PARIS

"... a tragic moment occurred"

WHAT a week! The last rehearsals of the play that, with M. Pierre Brive, of *Arsenic and Old Lace* fame, I have adapted for the Paris stage, and a spot of canvassing for the elections have filled most of my waking and sleeping hours. In this country, the theatre folks are never free in the afternoon and only begin rehearsing in earnest about 9 p.m., continuing till the wee, sma' hours, when the first Métro, at 5.30 a.m., gets them home in time for a supper-breakfast and a few hours' sleep before starting out again on various daytime jobs with radio and cinema. As for the elections, perhaps "canvassing" is not quite the right word to use. My effort has been confined to the rounding-up of my many friends who week-end in the country and of convincing them that, this Sunday, they must stay in town and do their duty at the polls. The rain has helped considerably but, at time of writing, a patch of blue sky threatens, and I wonder how many promises will be broken! In a few hours we shall know the worst. Is chaos to continue or may we hope for... if not the best, at least better things than we have known since Liberation?

REHEARSING Mrs. Agatha Christie's *Ten Little Niggers* has been a hectic experience. We only had the entire company together during the last three nights, and then how they worked under the patient guidance of Roland Pietri! Several of the cast had been out all day winding-up their cinema engagements, but no one showed fatigue and no one grumbled when scenes were repeated over and over again, when we were held up by the demands of the Press photographers, by the mislaying of "properties" that had a trick of disappearing when most needed, by the errors of the electricians, who had a clever knack of missing their light cues, and the many other *contretemps* that happen at such times. Quite a tragic moment occurred at the dress rehearsal, when young Maurice Regamey, who plays the part of the first Little Nigger to die, collapsed after drinking his cyanide cocktail! Simultaneously Brive and Pietri called to him from the stalls, "Rotten! Do it again and try to be more natural!" But the boy didn't move and, to our horror, we saw a pool of blood spreading on the carpet under his head. In falling, he had knocked against a piece of furniture, cutting his head and stunning himself so badly that, for a few minutes, we feared the worst. So much for not recognising realism on the stage when one sees it! A doctor was routed out of bed to patch him up, and having done a mixture of begging-borrowing-and-stealing-a-small-car for the occasion, I was able to drive him home for a few hours' rest, after which he pluckily rehearsed again in the afternoon and scored a big success next evening; but, for the next week or so, he will wisely fall on his tummy rather than on the back of his head! Mr. B. A. Meyer, who brought the play over from London, was more than a little amazed at the apparently lackadaisical way the play was rehearsed, and Pietri's assurance that "*Moi, je travaille dans la joie*," did little to reassure him till the first night, when all the pieces of the puzzle fell into shape and everything ran like well-oiled machinery. Marguerite Scialtiel, who is Mrs. Agatha Christie's representative and who has also been the *agent de liaison* of so many of Noel Coward's plays over here, beamed on him and assured him that

"everything would be all right when the time came!" It was! But "Bertie" is still wondering if he can believe his eyes! The French public loves detective stories and mystery plays. Agatha Christie is as well known over here as she is in England, and her *Ten Little Niggers* has had a wonderful reception. Only one discordant voice—or should I say venomous pen? That of the *Figaro* critic, who so over-wrote himself in damning it that his article became an excellent advertisement. I have often spoken of the ignorant youngsters who now hold office as dramatic critics. One of them recently wrote: "Miss Vivien Leigh was born at Darjeeling, in the shadow of Mount Everest, Great Britain"! What a gem!

I SAW an original version of the *Ten Little Niggers* when it was played here "for the troops" at the Marigny Theatre under E.N.S.A. management. Comparisons are odious, so I will merely say that in its actual form the play benefits by a remarkable cast headed by Mlle. Hélène Perdrière, that very clever and charming actress who has often been seen on the screen in London and has played lead in plays by Bernstein, Bourdet and Sacha Guitry. Her partner is Le Beal, a young actor who is as talented as he is good-looking. The acidulated spinster, Emily Brent, is played by Mme. Jeanne Lion, who, in this part, looks like a Toulouse-Lautrec and acts like Flora Robson; Robert Moor, the General, holds up the play with the applause he gets on his last exit; René Fleur acts the part of the nerve-racked doctor with quiet intensity, and Raoul Marco, lent by the State Theatre, l'Odéon, as the pusillanimous and comic detective, brilliantly provides the *douche écossaise* that French audiences expect in English mystery plays. Another screen favourite is Henri Nassiet, who, in his closing scene, in the role of the mad, homicidal judge, holds the house breathless. Georges Sellier, the grim manservant, proves that what may seem an unimportant part becomes a big one in the hands of a clever actor, and little Yvonne Leduc shows us that dimpled blondes may have their dramatic moments.

MANY funny incidents came my way when I made a tour of the polling stations. Parisiennes have not all mastered the technique of voting. A young mother o' many, not realising that she would be required to show her *carte d'électrice*, which was at the bottom of her shopping basket, had to empty out all the vegetables she had bought at the Sunday market in order to find it; an elderly woman loudly told the world that she wasn't going to "vote Red"! Her daughter tried in vain to hush her. "The vote is secret, *petite mère*!" she almost wept. "Well, I'm not saying who I'm voting for," answered *petite mère*, "but it's not Red!" Yet another held up the proceedings in order to spank the small son who tried to post a Métro-ticket in the urn. A flapper sobbed aloud because she had forgotten to put her vote in the envelope supplied for the purpose and was told that it could not be returned for her to rectify the omission. It was all very friendly and cosy—in fact, *ça se passait en famille*! It is still too early as I write this to foresee the final results of the elections, but it seems pretty certain that the Communist ideal of a single, all-powerful Assembly will not materialise, and for this one cannot sufficiently thank "whatever gods may be"!



The bride arrives escorted by her father, M. Xavier de Gaulle



M. Bernard Anthonioz, of Geneva, the bridegroom, with his mother



General and Mme. de Gaulle, who received an enthusiastic welcome

Wedding of

THE wedding took place at the church of Notre Dame, Geneva, recently of Mlle. Genevieve de Gaulle to M. Bernard Anthonioz. Mlle. de Gaulle, who is the daughter of General de Gaulle's brother, the French Consul-

THE SIRENS OF BIARRITZ

THEY still sound air-raid sirens at Biarritz. Awakened by them at seven o'clock on the first morning after arriving, my somewhat alarmed enquiry produced the simple and charmingly French reason: It is to announce the landing of a particularly good catch of fish at the Port des Pêcheurs, and to tell "Biarrot" housewives and restaurateurs that the fish-market is worth visiting that morning.

Apart from this, the sirens sounded rarely in Biarritz during the war. Only once was it really bombed. One morning at *apéritif* time the peaceful, away-from-the-war atmosphere was indignantly disturbed by a stick of bombs straddling the town centre. There was little damage, though the English church was considerably blitzed.

As a result, the town is much better able to receive and entertain visitors this season than most other French coast resorts.

Bathing Under the Guns

DOWN at the foot of the cliffs, along the Côte des Basques, visitors this summer will have to bathe and bask under the shadow of massive coastal defence batteries carved into the rock.

About sixty hotels, the Casino Municipale and most of the restaurants and bars are open, ready and eager for the season. From advance bookings so far received, it seems as if this season will be fairly full.

Nor are prices—for visitors, at any rate—too exorbitant. Rooms in the luxury hotels and the smaller ones, and meals in most of the restaurants, compare more than favourably with the equivalent in this country. For instance, here is the menu of a typical lunch at an ordinary restaurant in the town.

Hors-d'Œuvre (radishes, hard-boiled eggs with mayonnaise, a local pâté and anchovies).

Omelette aux champignons (real eggs, of course).

Escalope de veau with pommes sautées.

Green salad, or asperges vinaigrette (or both for a small extra charge).

Local cheese (not unlike Camembert).

Café National (not too bad, now the old acorn-flavour has gone).

With this I drank a bottle of red Bordeaux and a glass of Armagnac afterwards. The meal came to about 450 francs, or 18s. 6d.

Wine Mystery

A BOUT drink. Although most *apéritifs* are reasonable, local wine, red or white, is a bit high. For instance, at Sonny's Bar, underneath the Carlton Hotel, a double gin and vermouth, made with gin from Bordeaux, which is surprisingly good, costs 3s. 6d., and in most of the smaller bars you can get a glass of Pernod for 1s. 3d.

Yet a bottle of red Bordeaux costs anything up to, and over, 200 francs—some 8s., often as much as the meal with which you drink it. This shortage is explained officially by the fact that most wine is being exported, but what the French wish to know is to whom, especially when one tells them of the trickle that is reaching England.

No Berets

THOUGH many of the Paris fashion houses have reopened their branches here, at 1 the town looks forward to being as full as pre-war of smartly- and gaily-dressed men and women (the women have already staked their claim in that direction), there is one article of apparel that you cannot yet buy.

It is the beret Basque, that floppy little dark-blue skull-cap worn by everybody, and pulled down in a score of different positions over the head, each different position expressing a different mood of the wearer.

R. G.

The wedding ceremony in progress. The decorations for the occasion were particularly beautiful

Bride and bridegroom leaving the church after the wedding. Later the civil ceremony took place at the Mairie of Bossey

Photographs by Paris-Matin

General de Gaulle's Niece

General at Geneva, was an active member of the Resistance and was deported by the Germans to Ravensbrück concentration camp.

On his journey to the wedding General de Gaulle was greeted by

cheering crowds all the way from the frontier to Geneva, and a large gathering was awaiting him at his hotel. After he had made a speech of thanks he was presented with flowers and a piece of jewellery representing the *Coq Gaulois*



The Bride and Her Father, Sir John Dashwood

BRUCE—DASHWOOD WEDDING AT WEST WYCOMBE

THE wedding of Major the Hon. Morys Bruce and Miss Sarah Dashwood was the occasion for a large and picturesque country gathering, which took place at West Wycombe Park, the historic home of the bride's parents, Sir John and Lady Dashwood. The service was held in the small church there, and, owing to its size, only relatives and great friends could be invited, the others going to the reception later.

The bride, who looked charming in an ivory satin picture dress with wide ruching round the shoulders and skirt, was attended by the bridegroom's sister, the Hon. Rosalind Bruce, Miss Penelope Forbes and Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer's two-year-old daughter, Carolyn Clare. All the bridesmaids wore dresses of

white net, with pink wreaths in their hair, and carried bouquets of the same colour.

IN the church, I saw Lady Caroline Spencer-Churchill, and Viscount and Viscountess Ednam, who came with the Hon. J. J. Astor and his wife. Lord and Lady Hardinge of Penshurst were there with their two daughters, the Hon. Mrs. Murray and the Hon. Elizabeth Hardinge, as well as seventeen-year-old the Hon. Mary Anna Sturt. Lord Buckhurst escorted his wife, the former Miss Ann Devas, and his sister, Lady Katherine Sackville.

THE reception was held in the beautiful ground-floor rooms of West Wycombe Park, and here Sir John and Lady Dashwood

received the guests with Lord and Lady Aberdare, parents of the bridegroom; these included the Marquess of Zetland's attractive daughter-in-law, Lady Ronaldshay, who came with her mother, Mrs. Pike; Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer, with Mrs. Charles Knight; Lady Boyle and her daughter, Anne; Miss Iris and Miss Sonia Peake, Lady Elizabeth Lambart, who had her arm in a sling and told me that she had sprained it a few days before; Lady Margaret Fortescue, the Countess of Kimberley, who came with her good-looking husband and her mother, Lady Leigh; Miss Anne Paget, Lady Cecilia Anson, the Hon. Margaret Elphinstone, Miss Eila Jessel and Miss Penelope Clot.

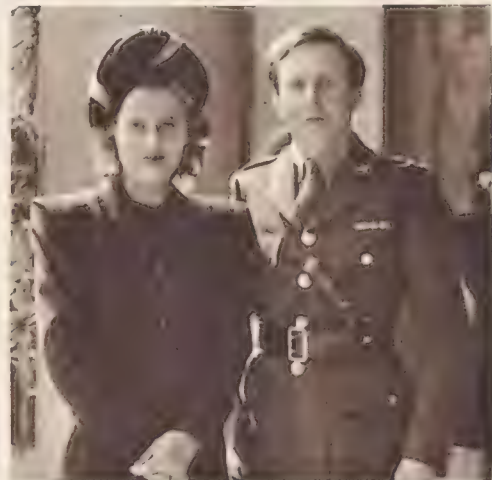
Jennifer



Miss Mary Bailey-Southwell and Miss Leila Tessel. The wedding ceremony took place at St. Lawrence's Church, West Wycombe



Lady Rosemary Spencer-Churchill, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, the Bishop of Oxford, who officiated, and Lady Vaughan



Lord and Lady Buckhurst, who were married last month. Lord Buckhurst is son and heir of Earl and Countess De La Warr



Photographs by Swaabe

Lord Aberdare takes a photograph of the wedding group on the verandah at West Wycombe Park. The Hon. Gwyneth Bruce, the bridegroom's sister, Miss Penelope Forbes, the Hon. Rosalind Bruce, the bridegroom's sister, the bride and bridegroom, Lady Dashwood, mother of the bride, Miss Carolyn Clare Meyer, daughter of Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer, Captain the Hon. Nigel Bruce, best man, and Sir John Dashwood, father of the bride

LAWN TENNIS and Other Pastimes

John Cliffe

I INFERRED that my friend was rather a sensational golfer and I was somewhat diffident about accepting his invitation to play him on his own course.

At the first tee he said he would take the honour and show me the line to take, whereupon he promptly sliced the ball straight over cover-point's head. Neither of us said a word, but when I took up my position to drive with my back to the fairway, he inquired what on earth I thought I was doing. "It seems a funny line," I admitted, "but no doubt you know the course better than I do."

Golf is not a game about which I am qualified to criticise others, but I have related the story above because of an almost parallel case which occurred on a tennis-court. I was casually watching a proud father coach his son in the art of serving on a public parks court recently.

The boy was making rather a mess of things and his father told him that he would never be able to serve until he showed his opponent part of the back of his left shoulder, a piece of advice with which many experts concur.

The tragedy developed when the father then felt it incumbent upon him to give a practical demonstration, whereupon he propelled the ball with atomic speed on to the London, Midland and Scottish Railway line some considerable distance away in a direction approximately east-north-east of the court.

I was, fortunately perhaps, the only spectator, and I take full credit that I did not bat an eyelash. The three of us—father, son and spectator—regarded one another much as we might have done had we been waiting for a long-overdue omnibus. Having respectfully allowed a decent interval to elapse, I then strolled away, displaying as much interest as I could in the progress of a particularly uninteresting piece of shrubbery.

Such are the dangers of demonstration. Less-confident golfers and lawn-tennis players should be consoled by the fact that it is only at contract bridge and volunteer snooker that one is obliged to declare one's intentions.

Gold Cup for Bridge

TALKING of contract bridge, the Gold Cup has been won this year by S/Ldr. Baron's team. Leo Baron, who is twenty-nine, is a law student at King's and studying for his solicitor's final. He learnt his bridge from Adam Meredith, aged thirty-two, with whom he won the Tournament Bridge Association's Two-Star Championship last year. His team won the Tollemache Cup for teams of four this year and produced the first and second pairs in the International Trials at Crockford's. There surely cannot be much wrong with the Baron system of bidding, which is explained in detail in a book by Baron and Meredith just published.

Monte Carlo Country Club

I HAVE just heard from Vladimir Landau, the secretary of the Monte Carlo Country Club, that all members of the International Lawn Tennis Club of Great Britain have been made honorary members of the club. It is probably the most beautiful tennis club in the world. The site was cut out of a cliff and the courts are on terraces running down to the sea. The clubhouse, restaurant and bar are at the top, and a beautifully blue swimming-pool at the foot. I shall say no more, as it is essential that some members of the International Club should stay in England for Wimbledon.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

WHY Florence, City of the Lilies, should be a Socialist stronghold in the recent elections, like industrial Turin, seemed to be puzzling one of the gossip-boys. He should have looked up his Dante; for one authority. The Florentines were always restless and turbulent types before their adorable town became a hostel for English maiden ladies crazy over Cinquecento Art.

All through the Middle Ages the Republic of Florence was raising hell on some pretext or other, driving out the Medici, fighting the Pisans and the Arezzans, annoying Dante, defying the French and Savonarola. What made the boys that way, in our unfortunate view, was being surrounded and cloyed by too much beauty. Continuous excess of pure beauty, as every Hollywood director knows, gets damnably on the nerves of our weak human nature and makes it cross and "awkward." Since the Island Race began exporting arty maiden ladies by the bushel to Florence the citizens have been greatly soothed and are slightly more amenable.

In Santa Maria Novella (we've often thought) the first progressive or Left Ministry was born on that Tuesday morning in the plague-year 1348, when the seven fair dames and three gracious youths of the *Decameron* met and decided to fly from ghastly reality and tell each other stories. How very modern of them.

Brawl

"APPLESAUCE, puss!" we murmured politely, listening to a high, fluting, educational voice over the air implying clearly that no biting, scratching, or gouging takes place nowadays in the best girls' schools.

One doubts strongly if the Essential Five-Letter English Rose has changed since one of our favourite anonymous Georgian authors published *The Governess, or The Little Female Academy*, a work full of zip, in which Mrs. Teachum, principal of an exclusive finishing-school—about 150 guineas a term in modern money—finds all hell let loose in the garden one summer evening. Miss Sukej Jennett, Miss Dolly Friendly, and Miss Nancy Spruce have had words over a big juicy apple, and a dozen or more young ladies of good family are fighting like wildcats.



"Any advance on £4 a week, and Sundays off?"

Each of the Misses held in her right Hand, fast-clenched, some Marks of Victory. One held a Lock of Hair torn from the Head of her Enemy; another grasped at a Piece of a Cap; a third clenched a Piece of an Apron; a fourth, of a Frock. . . . The Ground was spread with Rags and Tatters, torn from the Backs of the little inveterate Combatants.

Recoiling in horror, Mrs. Teachum tucked up her brocaded paduasoy gown and waded into those froward mopsies like billy-ho. "The most severe Punishment, since she had kept a School, was laid on these wicked Girls." It did them little good, however, and they continued to "contrive all the sly Tricks they could think of, to vex and teize each other." Average age, about 13-14; that is to say, a couple more years or so to go before each sweetheart concerned started a girl's real lifework and began vexing and teizing chaps. Change? Pooh (or Pish)!

Chum

A HORSEY-MINDED critic noting the Munnings Racehorse, once more showing his paces in the current Academy show, mentioned a forgotten Victorian animal-painter named Robert Bevan, who apparently brushed a nifty London cabhorse in his day. Once again we couldn't help wondering if Mr. Bevan's longfaced models ever included the eminent girl novelist George Eliot (*née* Mary Ann Evans), who was a spare-time West End cabhorse and kicked the pants off Landseer one day. Tennyson's lines on the incident are memorable:

"Dang me!" Landseer cried. "Good Heavens!

If it isn't that Miss Evans,
Known to all the booksy mob
As 'George Eliot,' begob!
Her that was the *denier cri*
Of the last Academy!

Fancy meeting one so fair
On a rank in Leicester Square,
With that nose, which Ruskin quotes,
Buried in a bag of oats!
Climb down, cabby, from your box,
Wash down those poor hairy hocks,
Cabby, do not rage and swell—
Do you treat Miss Evans well?
Do you bind those sagging knees?
Tell me, you big purple tease;
If she drops from sheer fatigue
I shall warn Our Dumb Friends' League!"

As the kindly cabby ran
To protect the gentleman,
Scuffling with her offside hoof,
"Woof!" Miss Evans snorted. "Woof!" . . .

"Booksy Girl's Amazing Capers
Bombshell," said the evening papers.
"R.A. Death-Kick Mystery.
Kent All Out For 83."

At Queen Victoria's request Tennyson later cut these lines out of *The Princess*. "They do not seem to Us to interest true horse-lovers," said the Queen, who disliked big tough literary girls. "No, Ma'am," said the Laureate meekly.

Move

THAT ghost of an "old-time sailor with a tapping stick" which so terrified the naval sentries on the ramparts of St. Mary's Barracks, Chatham, the other night may have been Horatio Lord Nelson himself, demonstrating against a grateful country's recent decision to cut his heirs' and successors' perpetual pension to zero.

You say Nelson would haunt the Cabinet in such circumstances rather than a handful of honest but nervous tars? Let us remind you



"S-h-h—I think she's reached a decision"

that Nelson, like Wellington, had a bellyful of the politicians very early in his career. Wellington's account of their first meeting in a Whitehall antechamber, neither knowing the other, is oddly interesting; he thought the unknown sailor a rather silly vain little man to begin with, but they soon agreed on the *hommes de salive*. Our feeling is, therefore, that Nelson is taking the democratic and best-publicity line and trying to contact a group of ratings who will refuse (he hopes) to take their pay, as a protest.

"What the devil's all this?"

"Sir, me and my mates, barring that basket Spike Mullins, we've sworn not to take another tishy from a Government which," etc., etc.

A nice problem for any captain. It obviously isn't a mutiny, because the ringleader carries no portable Corona on which to type, very neatly, in black and red, his demands (cf. the Inverclyde affair). So what? Damme, so what?

Grouping

IN art circles they are still, we find, talking about that pleasing accident whereby the Press camera-boys happened to be in Mr. John Strachey's flat on the night Mr. Strachey was appointed Minister of Food, enabling the boys to publish next day in every paper that agreeably human study of the new Minister in shirt-sleeves, helping Mrs. Strachey to wash up.

Usually, a chap in the racket tells us, Fleet Street's camera-artists prefer to catch big bonnets, unawares, in the act of smilingly shaking hands, but as relatively few big bonnets shake hands with their wives (or anybody else) this is not always practicable. We asked what the Ideal Impromptu Art-Grouping was. Sulkily this chap replied that the *Punch* boys hold the copyright, namely that traditional picture of the British Lion in pure white flannels raising his little cricket-cap to Liberty, Democracy, Australian Bowling, Uncle Sam, Fortnum & Mason, Civic Virtue, Proportional Representation, Mrs. Chas. Chaplin III, or some other noted philosophical abstraction, with the familiar caption:

BRITISH LION: Played, Sir!

PERSONAGE: Aw go cut yourself a slice of throat.

Footnote

QUOTING from memory, we may have got the second line wrong, but the spirit is there. The idea sprang fully armed from a *Punch* artist's brain one Wednesday in 1860, as the Editor and his mirthmakers were brooding at the famous Round Table, completely blank, sunk, and gravelled, and staring miserably at each other. A husky whisper from under the Table saved the day.

R.A.F. Holds a Point-to-Point Meeting in Austria



A quartet of spectators at the point-to-point meeting recently held at Tentschach, near Klagenfurt, Austria, by the R.A.F. to aid St. Dunstan's. Left to right: Mrs. Foster, wife of the Air Officer Commanding, Austria, S/O. Primrose Gravell, G/Capt. Dundas, D.S.O., D.F.C., and G/Capt. Brian Kingcombe



A distinguished visitor was Lt.-Gen. Sir Richard McCreery, K.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., G.O.C. British Troops in Austria, who has now succeeded Field-Marshal Montgomery as C-in-C., B.A.O.R. He is seen with Lady McCreery and Major-Gen. C. E. Weir, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., G.O.C. 46th Division



Lady McCreery, who presented the prizes, congratulates Major Dubbs, owner-rider of Edward, one of the most successful steeplechasers in Austria and North Italy. Looking on are, left to right: F/Lt. J. Millar, S/Ldr. M. Hadley, Mrs. Foster and Air Vice-Marshal R. M. Foster, C.B., C.B.E., D.F.C., A.O.C., Austria

Rain Did

Royal Windsor



The smallest entry in the Show, Nomination, driven by Miss Jean Butler, of Faversham, Kent, proudly shows off his paces in the Single Private Turn-out Class



The Duke of Beaufort: he was among those who were most keenly interested

PICTURES IN

Royal Ascot

EVEN bereft as we are of the corn and of the oil and the wine that maketh glad the heart of man, Ascot, despite its outer garment of austerity, remains that which it has always been—Royal. It has a *cachet* enjoyed by no other race-meeting in the world. It is the one place where, with luck, you may see last year's, this year's and next year's Derby winners. This year there would seem to be every chance of the age-old epithet being reinforced by a victory in the principal event for the Royal colours, which are already well away in front—an occurrence which sets up a record for thus early in the season and may, I hope, develop into an actual one by the time we reach that bleak November Handicap. Even the poor afflicted Bartimæus, sitting by the wayside, could scarce fail to see the obvious chance His Majesty must hold in the Gold Cup with either Kingstone or Rising Light, whichever may be selected. Badly off as we may be for real stayers, here, at any rate, are two notable exceptions, and trained as they are by an acknowledged long-distance specialist, we know that the preferred representative will be sent out on to the course as fit for the fight as human hands can make him. Both these horses are in good trim, and both have gained recent and quite bloodless victories: Rising Light over the last 1½ miles of the Cesarewitch course on May 14th, having previously (May 1st) spreadeagled Stirling Castle over the same distance in the Chippenham Stakes; Kingstone in the Lion Gate Stakes (1 mile, 7 furlongs) at Hurst on May 17th. On May 2nd, incidentally, this good horse had displayed his versatility by winning, out of his best distance, that 1½-mile March Stakes. Both, however, have been beaten by the French!

Only Problem?

THE only problem would appear to be which of them to pick. Most people no doubt will have their own ideas, and as there is no law against it, I have mine. I prefer that

valiant warrior Kingstone. In either case we may have the chance of cheering a good one home, a privilege which an English racing crowd dearly cherishes. I venture to believe, however, that there will be much more than that behind the cheers, the abounding personal affection for The Owner. Rarely in the whole course of history has a stronger bond of toughened steel been forged in the flaming furnace to link a people to its King. The realisation that His Majesty and his whole family have been tried and tested in exactly the same crucible as the rest of us during these last six years, and that they stood by in the centre of the target just as so many of their subjects did, means a great deal more than any mere phrase of words can possibly express. Even those who do not know which end of a horse bites are well aware of what happened, and that a Great Gentleman and his equally well-beloved Consort stood shoulder to shoulder with them and never flinched. It was a great comradeship of which indeed this land may well be proud, and a great heritage for those who are yet to come.

The Opposition

SO far as our domestic resources are concerned, we know more or less what it is. Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, His Majesty's trainer, knows more about it than any of us, for I compute that he has the kingpin of it under his own eye in the shape of Colonel "Jock" Whitney's John Peel, whose Chester misadventure we can forget. I have never believed in the quaintly-shaped Chamossaire, in spite of his Leger win, and we are told he may not run. I do not see, on the evidence before the court, how either Stirling Castle or Wayside Inn can come into the picture so long as Kingstone, Rising Light or John Peel are above the ground. There remains only this French horse Caracalla, easy winner as a three-year-old of the Prix Royal Oak (1 mile 7 furlongs). We know nothing more than that Basileus, also entered in the Gold Cup, is rated by his countrymen a first-class



Lady Fortescue (left) and the Hon. Mrs. B. Baird, O.B.E., judging hunters on the first day

Not Spoil

Horse Show



Princess Margaret watching an event on the second day of the Show



Princess Elizabeth joins in a joke. In spite of the heavy rain, she was present with her sister on both days of the Show in the Home Park, Windsor

THE FIRE

By "Sabretache"

stayer and that he was beaten four lengths by Caracalla. Basileus has also been beaten recently in the 2½-mile Prix du Cadran by M. Boussac's second string, Marsyas, who has beaten Kingstone is also in the Gold Cup.

Ascot Austerity

As we are so used to playing the part of the little boy with his nose gummed against the confectioner's shop-window, I am sure that we shall not notice it. *Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a!* Corn we lack, wine we lack, the lobster wends his lonely way without his mayonnaise, the salmon comes not from the twinkling Tay, but from the shining tin; even our pet monster from that northern loch has swum out on us; but do these things dismay us? The only person for whom I shall feel concern is the fabled policeman at another gathering, which once was memorable for all the things the gourmet loves, if he is asked by a distracted Mamma to find "two little girls dressed in light blue sitting on top of a coach eating chicken and ham." In present circumstances that one would beat even Sherlock Holmes.

Epsom

"WHY, all the Saints and Sages who discussed . . . so learnedly, are thrust like Foolish Prophets forth, their words to scorn are scattered, and their mouths are stopt with dust!" Though not claiming to be either a saint or a sage, this also goes for me, because up to the last I continued to believe in Happy Knight, and I still believe in him, because, unless my eyes played me false, he was unbalanced by the hill, and, therefore, though Weston had him bang in the right spot, his very fine engines could not do their work to the full of their power. As things went, probably neither he nor anything else could have beaten Airborne, who was most artistically ridden by little Tommy Lowrey; but if things had gone slightly differently, I am

not so sure. Supposing, for instance, that Happy Knight's great speed had been used in the first 6 furlongs, and that he had led them down the hill. The race was run at a very bad pace, and so anything had a chance to wait in front. I do not believe that the light rain had anything to do with the poor time. You can usually tell how things are by sticking the point of your stick or your umbrella into the ground. My sharp-pointed umbrella went in hardly an inch. There was nothing the matter with the going: it was the pace that was wrong. The point is: How much do we now know? I suggest that two things are certain: (1) that our friend Mr. Phil Bull was in error in believing that Airborne had no foot at a finish, for he wrote: "He has very little in the way of a turn of speed"; and (2) that Gulf Stream's Two Thousand gallop was anything you like in pounds below his real form. I would hate even to suggest that anything else is certain. I do suggest, however, that on the level Doncaster course we may see many different things. Purely on his make and shape, Airborne has all that a good one should have, though the hypercritical might say that he is a bit on the leg. He is a very true-actioned colt, as good as both Gulf Stream and Happy Knight. That means so much. That which anyone believes is not evidence, but I believe that no colt will win the Leger, because I believe that the fillies cannot possibly be as poor as the three-year-olds of the opposite sex.

If this assumption is correct, as well it may be, then either Steady Aim, or Nelia, or Iona, or Hypericum will win the Leger. Steady Aim beat Nelia six lengths in the Oaks; Nelia was practically turned the wrong way at the start and, her jockey is reported to have said, lost fifteen lengths. Make it even seven and a half. Iona will like Doncaster better than Epsom. Hypericum's running I just do not understand. I cannot believe that it is true *vis-à-vis* what she has done in private.



The Queen chats with the Duchess of Kent in a pause between events on the second day

Oxford Eights Week Dance



Dancers in the main ballroom of the college. This was the first dance they had held there since 1938

AFTER seven years of occupation by Government Departments, Pembroke College is once again full of young men working to take a degree. During the Eights Week this was the only college to arrange a dance, and it branched out with a festivity approaching pre-war standards which over 400 dancers enjoyed enormously—the first of its kind since 1939. The evening was warm and fine, and the decorations and coloured lights made a lovely setting for guests to stroll in between the dances.

THERE were many dinner-parties for the dance, and the most interesting of these was given by the Teasel Club (the oldest wine club for undergraduates in Oxford and founded in 1792) for a select number of the members with their partners. These included Mr. Rodney Fitzgerald, Mr. M. Nadin, Mr. J. Gentili and Mr. W. Handforth, four gallant members of the Dance Committee who were to be seen dashing to and fro at odd intervals making certain everything was right for the dance. Professor and Mrs. R. R. Macintosh entertained a large party in their rooms, including two outstanding sportsmen, Mr. M. P. Donnelly and Mr. B. W. Cole. Also in the party were Dr. Ian Neil and Miss Margaret Logan. Mr. Maurice Nadin had a large party which included Mr. Basil Wigoder, last term's President of the Oxford Union; Morris Abrams, one of the first Rhodes Scholars to come to Oxford since the war, and his wife; Ralph Gibson, a prominent Conservative, and pretty Miss Angela Cotter, who looked lovely in a flowered dress. I saw Mr. John Swithinbank talking to those two pretty sisters, the Misses Audrey and Valerie Rowse, and two Rugger Blues enjoying themselves were Mr. Tony Sutton and Mr. Philip Moore, the last-named with his attractive wife, Joanna.

OTHERS at this first post-war Eights Week dance, which everyone agreed was the greatest success, were Dr. Gavin Livingstone, Miss Celia Chaundy, Dr. and Mrs. Kenneth Boston, the latter in a charming dress of black net over pink, Mrs. Madeleine White-locke, Mr. David Cairns, Miss Betty Woodfield, Miss Meli Trueta, Miss Sheila Pearce and F/Lt. Bob Smith, who is in the Oxford University Air Squadron.

Grande Dame

THIS seems to be a season for historical novels—or, rather, novels with a historic scene. Somerset Maugham surprised his readers with a tale of Cesare Borgia and Machiavelli (*Then and Now*, reviewed in these pages two or three weeks ago), and now we have Kate O'Brien turning the powerful searchlight of her imagination on sixteenth-century Spain. Kate O'Brien's *That Lady* (Heinemann; 9s. 6d.) has been the Book Society's Choice for the month in which it appeared, and one cannot wonder. It seems to me that in allowing herself to be magnetised towards a particular time, and particular scene (old Castile, with its parched, brilliant landscape and hectic, grandiose people), she has done well. As a sheer performance, this latest novel of hers is striking; as an annal of human hearts, it is memorable.

It may be sad that our major novelists should, to-day, be driven to the past for their major characters. Are we, indeed, to take this as symptomatic of a certain shrinkage of men and women to-day? Within the last thirty years, we have been forced to see how events dwarf people, and to admit that individual destinies count for little, and that individual will is little more than a cypher, amid the convulsions of the world. Simultaneously, and no doubt unknown to each other, Somerset Maugham has looked to Renaissance Italy and Kate O'Brien to the Spain of Philip II. in order to find the stage a novel requires—the stage on which the great leading actor or actress may play his or her part. We are, we are told, in the dawn of the age of the little, or common, man. The reaction, in fiction, to this dawn has been an instantaneous flood of grandees.

The heroine of *That Lady*—in fact, "that lady" herself—is a grandee if ever there was one. Ana de Mendoza, Princess of Eboli, is heiress, in her own right, to vast possessions. She is the widow of Ruy Gomez, who had been Philip II.'s first minister, friend and confidant. Herself, since she first came to court as a bride of nineteen, she has been the friend of the troubled King: scandal, indeed, associated their two names—but, in fact, Ana never was Philip's mistress: it is for this very reason that there exists between them, on into middle age, the ever-powerful factor of an unrealised passion.

Friendship

ANA, when we first meet her, in 1576, is a thirty-nine-year-old widow. Since her husband's death, she has lived in retirement in the great house on her country estate, Pastrana. Of the ten children Ana bore Ruy Gomez, six are living: impeccable, if ironical, as a mother, Ana is very much not a *mère de famille*. She is very tall, very thin, *racée*, febrile; her beauty, if it be beauty, has a forbidding strangeness. Over one eye she wears a black silk patch—this is, according to how you see her, an either grotesque or romantically tragic touch.

ELIZABETH BOWEN

"That Lady"

"Four Quartets Rehearsed"

She lost that eye when, as a child of fourteen, nominally married but awaiting the consummation of her marriage in her father's home, she fought a duel with one of her father's pages.

This is the Princess of Eboli, the woman who continues to dominate the imagination of the sickly, fanatical, rapidly-ageing King. One might say that Ana was Philip II.'s life-illusion: visiting her, from time to time, in her great, cool drawing-room, Philip can forget court intrigues, the strain of world-politics, his sombre religious frenzies and fears of death, and the stupors or disappointments of a succession of marriages which have, so far, failed to give him a living male heir. This friendship between the great lady and the monarch looks, at the start, like being one of the epic man-and-woman friendships of history. The story opens—with a visit of Philip's, one afternoon, to Ana at her country estate—in a mood of raillery, sanity, calm and kindness. But fate is to give these two lives another turn.

Lost Illusion

THE object of the King's visit, that afternoon has been to urge, nay, virtually command, the Princess of Eboli to abandon her country retirement and return to Madrid. There are several excellent reasons why she should do so—her children's education, a pending law-suit by which her possessions may be endangered. The actual reason, as Ana realises, is that Philip wants his charming, understanding, refreshing friend within nearer reach. Acquiescent, the Princess reopens her Madrid house and re-installs herself there, with her children, her household and her duenna—that bawdy, comfortable Bernadina who, throughout coming storms, is to prove a rock. For now, in Madrid, Ana—who, after thirteen years of blameless marriage had thought her life as a woman to be over—embarks, gaily, cynically, recklessly, proudly, upon her first passionate love-affair. Antonio Perez—whom, in the first chapter, we have heard her dismiss as "a pretty little worldling from somewhere in the wilds of Aragon"—is her lover. This very Antonio has succeeded Ana's husband, Ruy, as the King's confidential minister, first in the Royal counsels.

This curious love, light in its beginning, dire towards its end, has been beautifully pictured by Miss O'Brien: not a single heightening or change of mood escapes her. But chiefly, it is the effect of the love-affair on the King (to



Dr. W. Mushin, Miss Sinclair, Dr. Niel, Mrs. W. Mushin, Miss P. Atkinson, Miss R. Atkinson, Professor and Mrs. R. R. Macintosh, Mr. B. W. Cole, Miss Logan, Mrs. Sinclair, Mr. Donnelly, Mrs. F. Homes-Dudden, Mr. Schreiber, Miss Woodfield, Dr. W. G. Gill and Mr. R. A. L. Leatherdale

reviewing BOOKS

"Mrs. Privett"

whose notice it cannot fail to be brought) that is the mainspring, and tragedy, of the story. Now, we watch the revenge that an absolute monarch takes for a lost illusion. Is it really more terrible to betray (or appear to betray) friendship than to betray love? One might think so, from the Princess's fate.

That Lady is a study of a great woman's fight for personal happiness in an over-great world dominated by power. If I say that this novel made me think of *The Duchess of Malfi*, Miss O'Brien will, I feel sure, recognise the salute.

Criticism of Poetry

THERE are two principal functions of criticism: on the one hand, a critic may assess the value of a work of art; on the other, he may elucidate, or attempt to elucidate, its mysteries and the processes of its composition. The latter is infinitely the more difficult to do; and it is also the more interesting to watch being done. I have been reading a little book by Raymond Preston, called *Four Quartets Rehearsed* (Sheed and Ward; 5s.)—a detailed examination of T. S. Eliot's beautiful cycle of poems, *Burnt Norton, East Coker, The Dry Salvages and Little Gidding*. No poems of to-day have greater power to move one, none speak with more impressive dignity and humanity; but it would be a very arrogant reader who felt the poems held no difficulties for him; and it is not always easy to say why, even in their (apparently) most obscure recesses, the poems affect one so strongly.

Taking the four "quartets" in order, Mr. Preston—who has the advantage of a thorough knowledge of the Christian background of the poems—describes with great lucidity what "happens" in them, how they relate to one another, how the poet pursues with patience his great research into the problem of time, age and eternity. Mr. Preston doesn't, of course, explain why one enjoys the poems so much—that, after all, is our business, not his. But he does put in our way the means of enjoying them even more, of finding them more and more illuminating, and of relating them more closely to our own experience. No critic ever performs a more valuable function than this; and this little book should be procured and cherished by anyone who is drawn to, and occasionally baffled by, Mr. Eliot's later poetry.

Landlady

"*MRS. PRIVETT*," by Lionel Bonsey (Pilot Press; 6s.), is not a big book, in any sense of the word, but it contains one big

character, who belongs by right to the majestic English comic tradition. Mrs. Privett, Chelsea landlady, could move about unabashed among the creations of Fielding, Jane Austen and Dickens—though doubtless she would be fluttered by meeting so many new faces, and uncertain whether those present were quite the thing. Mrs. Privett has been accustomed to the best families.

Whether Mrs. Privett is a tender memory or a sheer inspiration of Mr. Bonsey's one cannot say. If she never existed, she ought to have—but I think it highly probable that she did. Her address is 24, Shawfield Street, off the King's Road. Landlady-ism, her great role, is a form of greatness virtually thrust upon her—with regard to the letting of her front room, as with regard to other affairs of life, she goes through subtle emotional indecisions. Mr. Martin, supplicant on her doorstep in the first chapter, is exceedingly dubiously received. Unlike Mrs. Grantley, at No. 28, she does *not*, she tells him, take in common lodgers. In fact, while admitting she *has* a room, she is far from sure that she takes in lodgers at all.

"If you wouldn't mind waiting in here, sir," says Mrs. Privett, and closes the door behind Mr. Martin, who looks round the room, which is too full of everything, and then sits down and lights a cigarette. Mrs. Privett looks at Mr. Martin's luggage in the hall to see if it is proper-looking luggage, and then goes down to the basement and makes herself a cup of tea. . . . Mrs. Privett is very worried: the luggage is already in the hall and she has a feeling that everything is going out of control. . . .

Mrs. Privett opens the sitting-room door and says:

"Sir, I can't worry any more about you and I don't know what to do for the best, and if you want the room you had better go into it and see how it suits you. But it's no good like this, you sitting here and your luggage in the hall; half-in, half-out, if you know what I mean. I'm sorry to be like this, sir, but you see what happens in an afternoon, the bell rings and there you are at the door with your luggage, and what am I to do for the best, that's what I mean. It's the same thing as Mrs. Willink's cat, which sits at the kitchen window looking at me all day long."

The installation of Mr. Martin at 24, Shawfield Street is the beginning of a series of crises for Mrs. Privett—the new telephone, for instance, the arrival of parcels, the nerve-racking ups and downs of Mr. Martin's love-affair with Miss Primrose. Stout, bright in a be-cherried hat, outwardly indomitable, we see Mrs. Privett (accompanied by Mr. Privett, a gardener) at the local, sipping her evening Guinness and watching dominoes played. . . . This book is, also, an excellent picture of Chelsea life, with its strong village atmosphere and indigenous characters. I thoroughly recommend *Mrs. Privett*.



Miss Patricia Beeley and the Hon. Gerard Noel, brother of the Earl of Gainsborough



Miss Wanda Ganronska and Mr. Hubert Cuirot, of Brazenose College



Mr. Edward St. George, who escorted Miss Anne Palmer



(Sitting) Miss Pagett, Mr. Barnett, Mrs. Boston, Mr. R. C. A. Fitzgerald, Mr. and Mrs. Bagratuni, Mr. Kilworth Maybury and Miss Byron. (Standing) Mr. Strubell, Miss Meli Trueta, Miss Eisen, Mr. Rose, Miss Mary de Zouche, Mr. Arnold, Miss Cotter and Mr. Nadin



(Below) Mr. J. D. Cairns, Miss W. Wheelwright. (Above) Lieut. D. M. Silver, Miss M. J. Rowlands, Mr. C. H. Silver, and Miss A. Denning



Ansell — Blake

Mr. Robert Ansell married Mrs. Dianna Blake, elder daughter of Mr. E. Tyrwhitt-Drake, at St. Mary's, Amersham, Bucks. The bridegroom is looking on while the bride hands a piece of her wedding cake to Mr. Ralph Hanke

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Bunge — Kemp

Major Walter A. Bunge, second son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. O. Bunge, of Foredown, Effingham, Surrey, married Miss Hyacinth E. P. Kemp, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Kemp, of Pen-y-Parc, Beaumaris, Anglesey, North Wales, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Truell — Mott

Major Michael Truell, The Dorsetshire Regiment, eldest surviving son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. E. Truell, of Onslow, Wimborne, Dorset, married Mrs. Sheila Mott, widow of Lieut. Mott, R.N., and daughter of Lady Egerton, of the Manor House, Ringwood, Hants.



Macdonald of the Isles — Gibbs

Captain Alexander S. A. Bosville Macdonald of the Isles, elder son of Sir Godfrey and the Hon. Lady Bosville Macdonald of the Isles, married Miss Mary E. Gibbs, eldest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. R. C. B. Gibbs, of Church Farm, South Marston, Swindon, Wilts., at St. Michael's, Chester Square



Mann — Doran

Major Jock J. Mann, 14th/20th King's Hussars, eldest son of the late Mr. P. Mann, and of Mrs. Mann, of Bolebroke, Sussex, married Miss Margaret Doran, only daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. Doran, of Molyneux Court, Tunbridge Wells



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Jean Lorimer's Page

Photographs by Peter Clark



• Red roses half-hidden in layers of fine black tulle make the perfect restaurant hat



• The importance of profile is emphasised by this lovely light felt with its upswept brim and its flattering side line



• Tartan plaid voile trims a bonnet-shape summer-weight felt



• Flowers of lovely pastel colourings are massed in a cascade to trim this very neat little felt. All the hats on this page are from the model millinery department of Debenhams and Freebody



From the Chilprufe Album

This is DAVID

Occasionally, when his mother recalls the anxieties of those first few precarious weeks, it seems to her incredible that this can be that same frail infant—this fine looking, well built, boisterous handful.

Characteristically, mother is inclined to discount her own great contribution to David's progress. She does, however, pride herself on this, that right from the start he has had the never-failing comfort and protection of Chilprufe. Not for nothing is Chilprufe acknowledged the finest Pure Wool Underwear in the world.

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by *Helena Rubinstein*

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Stories from Everywhere

A MAN met a friend, looking tired and weary.
"Hullo, old man," he said.
"What's made you look so done up?"

"My wife," replied the other with a groan, "told me to take our old tom-cat and lose it; so I put the beastly thing in a basket and tramped into the country for about ten miles."

He paused for breath.

"Well," put in his listener, "did you lose it?"

"Lose it?" gasped the weary one. "If I hadn't followed it, I should never have found my way home!"

A PILOT officer was detailed to telephone an urgent message to the Air Ministry. He was switched from one person to another, until finally he lost his temper with the seventh person to whom he had been put through.

"Do you know who I am?" said the man he blew up. "I am Air Marshal—"

Despite the voice of thunder, the pilot officer interrupted: "And do you know who I am?"

"No," said the air marshal.

"Thank heaven for that," said the pilot officer, and hung up.

YOUNG girl at perfume counter, after looking at "My Sin," "Breathless," and the other lurid names: "Have you anything for a beginner?"

A SAILOR stationed on a far-flung U.S. outpost was noted for his loyalty to his girl. Then one day he received a callous letter telling him that she was going to marry a soldier, and would he please return her picture.

He was so upset by this treachery that his buddies rallied to avenge their pal. A collection of photographs, snapshots and pin-up girls was made from every fellow on the base. They were packed into a huge crate and shipped to the fickle wench.

Upon opening the crate, she found a note reading: "Please pick out your picture and return the rest to me. This is a little embarrassing, but I don't remember which one is yours."



Swarbrick

Phyllis Robins stars as Althea, a Roman maiden, in Noel Langley's dramatization of his own best-seller novel, "Cage Me A Peacock," which is to go on a short tour before opening in London. With her in this photograph are her two Siamese cats—Mignonette and Maifair Mirie, who were both born in VE-Week. Phyllis Robins is not only an actress and revue star, but a farmer as well, for she most competently ran her large farm in Cumberland during the war



THIS story is taken from *A Harp With a Thousand Strings*, a Chinese Anthology (Pilot Press):

A debtor whose house was so full of duns waiting for their money that there were not enough chairs for them all, whispered to those who were standing: "Come early tomorrow morning, gentlemen."

Next morning the hopeful creditors put in an early appearance, thinking they were to be paid something on account at least. Presently the debtor came in: "Ah, good morning, gentlemen," he said, blandly. "I am so pleased to see that you are here in time to get the seats this morning."

YOUNG wife to ardent soldier husband running towards her in the station: "Please, George, count up to ten—Ethel Smith's husband broke three of her ribs!"

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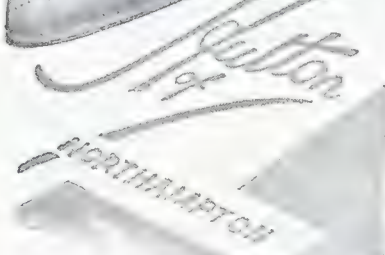
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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

P.I.C.A.O.

ONE of the puzzles of international aviation at the present time is the amount of paper work it supports. The Provisional International Civil Aviation Organization pours out volume after volume, each one of such size and weight as to stagger the intending reader and give him eye-ache in advance. Instead of P.I.C.A.O., it ought to be called Papercao.

And then there are the conferences. I receive from the international photographic agencies photographs of these conferences. They show huge rooms, with solemn men sitting round tables in front of pieces of paper while somebody on a raised dais at one end of the room talks. They all look so gloomily solemn and self-important. One feels like sending Max Miller or some of the *figurantes* from the Folies Bergère to cheer them up and introduce a salutary note of irreverence. For it is dreadful to think that aviation, which used to avoid taking itself too seriously, is so swiftly declining towards the drear, the dumb and the drooling.

Conversation and Aviation

I do not know what becomes of the mountain of written matter that remains over from these conferences. I suppose somebody sometimes reads through it. Whether it has any real or direct effect upon practical aviation I doubt. I would say that one man, making a flight of one mile in one aeroplane does more to forward the cause of aviation than all the conferences put together and doubled. And I do appeal to these people to learn how to be terse. When they have something to say which we are all supposed to know, there would be a much better chance of our knowing it if they would express it in the fewest words.

Fortunately, the attitude of many people is that it is easiest to let the talkers and writers get on with their talking and writing, and to do what else may be possible to intersperse a little flying. The number of flying club displays planned for this year is mounting, and some of the programmes which have been arranged look quite good.

Air Show

By the time these notes appear the Victory parade in London will have been over and a part of history. I noted a curious attitude towards it just before it occurred. Many people expressed the utmost detestation for the whole idea and found it out of place and ill-timed. Yet there were equal numbers who were arranging to be there to watch it. A Royal Air Force officer who did wonderful work in Fighter Command and was, eventually, severely wounded, told me that he felt that the whole thing was utterly inappropriate and that he, himself, was disgusted by it. And there were a great many people who were angry about the mix-up over the Air Transport Auxiliary and about the Poles. The Polish fighter pilots, though not always the most skilful we had, were certainly among the bravest. All R.A.F. pilots who fought beside them will agree to that. So, from the air point of view, the parade was unsatisfactory. The only thing one could express general approval of was the aircraft.

Amphibian

AMPHIBIANS ought to be popular here. Britain has a long coastline relative to our area, and there are plenty of places where sheltered water can be found. There is also the fact that most Englishmen, seeking a holiday, rightly look to the European Continent to find it. So there is always over-water flying somewhere in the picture.

I was attracted by the Republic Seabee and I think that aircraft will be a success. But here we now have the Short Sealand—a really interesting and attractive design. It is a small, twin-engined amphibian, embodying the latest practice and faintly reminiscent of a scaled-down version of one of the Empire boats. The aircraft is intended primarily for charter work; but I would say that it is an ideal private-owner machine for those who can afford it. C. P. Lipscomb is the designer, and the aircraft has an all-up weight of 3,855 kilograms. Top speed is 311 kilometres an hour and range 1,000 kilometres. The wing span is 18 metres (59 feet). I wish this new Short venture good luck, for I am sure that the company has hit upon a kind of aircraft that is well worth developing and that ought to be developed.

One further remark on the Sealand amphibian I must make. The figures for it were quoted in knots and sea miles, and the antiquated pounds, feet, gallons and the rest of it. The result was an amazing hotch-potch of measures, and when one read the specification, one became completely lost. Five hundred and forty sea miles may mean something to a sailor; it may mean something to an instructed landsman if he has not just previously been thinking in statute miles, but heaven knows what the uninstructed make of it. Is it not time our aircraft industry, being an industry serving a world affair, should use world measures? The only world measures, agreed to and known by a vast majority of the inhabitants of the world, are those of the metric system. The metric system is the system of science, of electronics and of electrical engineering in general. It is decimalized and easy to use. It enables compound arithmetic to be dispensed with. It is sensible and coherent. Yet here—in the year 1946—we read of an aircraft which does 108 knots and has a range of 540 nautical miles. I know the flying boat man's arguments and I do not think that they are valid. It is not more difficult to navigate in kilometres than it is in nautical miles. Let us show a little more sense in this matter.



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What healths were drunk!
What impromptus lost to the
world does Beaumont hint at in

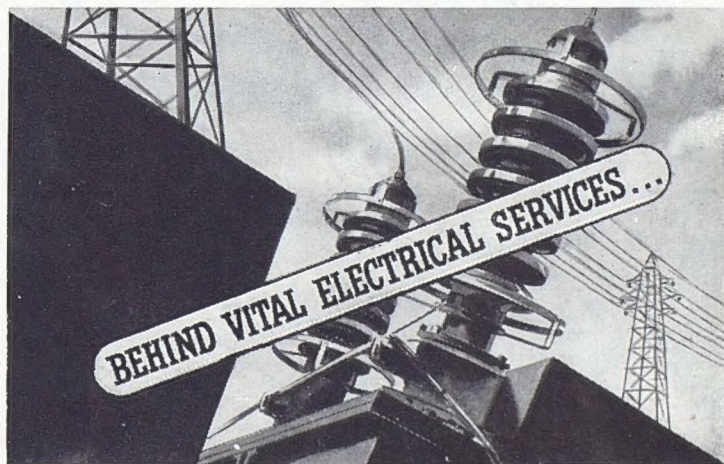
What things have seen
Done at the Mermaid; heard words
that have been

So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that everyone from whom they
came

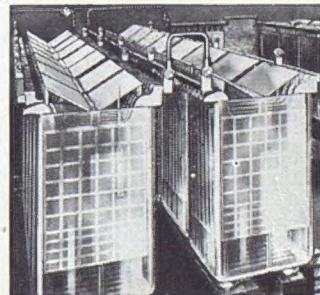
Had mean'd to put his whole wit in
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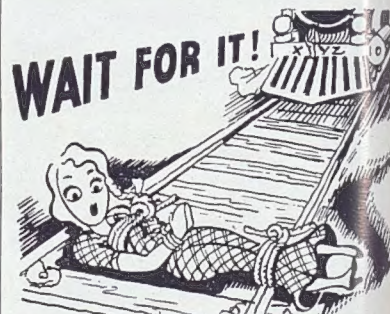
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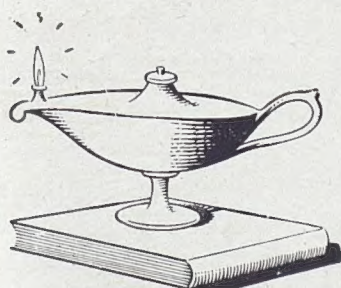
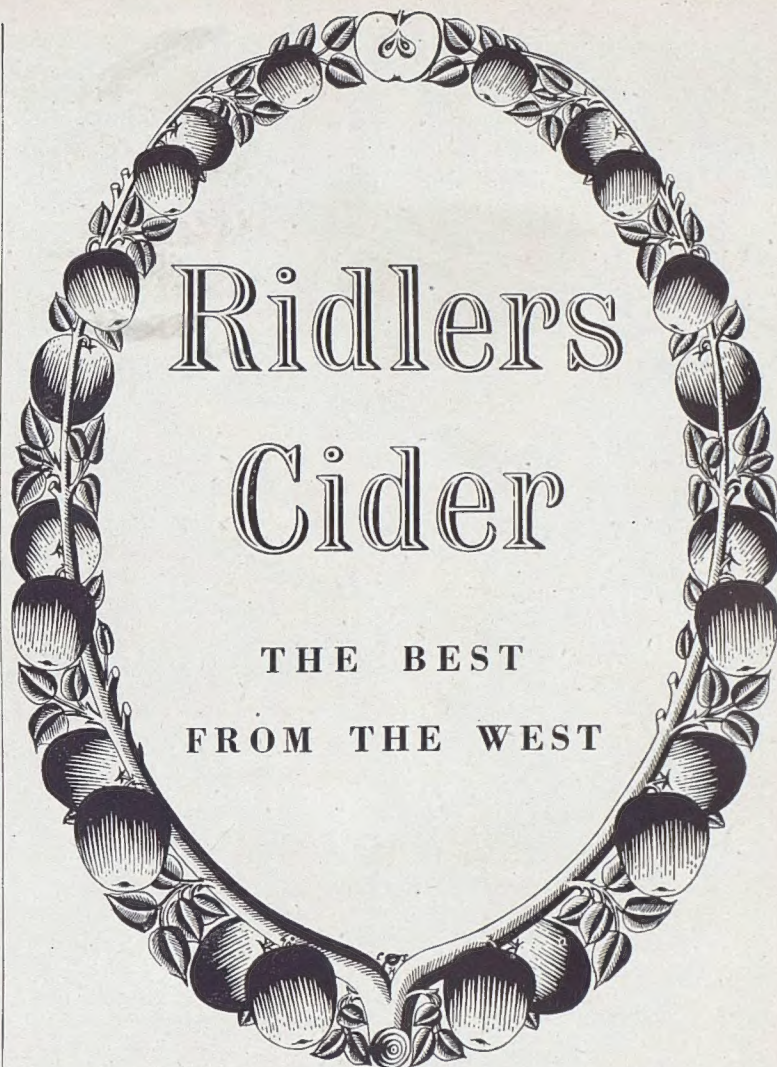
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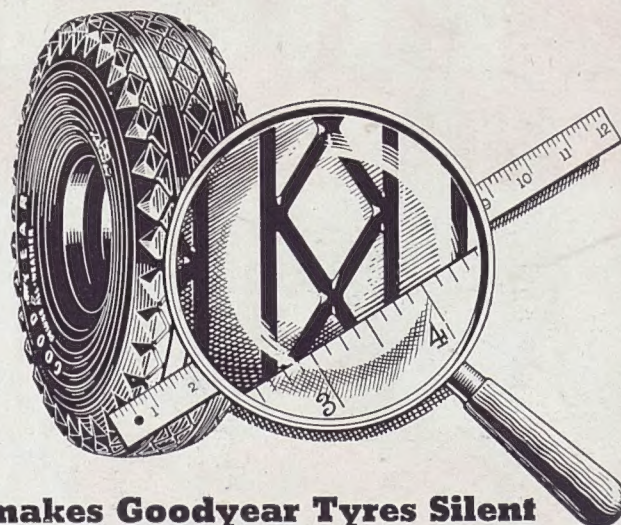


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